

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

52 THRILL-PACKED PAGES— *BETTER THAN EVER!*

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# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

CHIP GARDNER,  
Private Eye, in

## THE CASE OF THE BUFFALO NICKELS





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**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**



**CHIP GARDNER, PRIVATE**



ON A ROUTINE "MISSING PERSONS" MISSION,  
WALKS INTO A MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN SUBURBAN  
BUFFALO, SEEKING LIFE BUT FINDING

# DEATH *in the* BACK ROOM

**In THE CASE OF THE BUFFALO NICKELS**

IF HE AIN'T OUT,  
HE'S FAUNIN' IT NEAT!  
I OUGHTA PUT A  
SLUG IN HIM,  
ONLY...

ONLY WHAT? YOU  
YELLOW? GIVE ME  
THAT GUN! THERE'S  
NO POINT IN SAYING  
HIM NOW! HE'S  
ONLY A  
LIABILITY!



*B. Foy*

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# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A FEW DAYS AGO SOME CURIOUS JOBS AT TIMES - JOBS THAT APPEAR TO BE PUSHOVERS AND THEN TURN OUT TO BE ANYTHING BUT. LIKE THE TIME A BIG REPORTER WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS SON IN BUFFALO! IT LOOKED LIKE BABY SITTING! I EVEN HAD HIS PICTURE HANDLED TO ME, ALONG WITH THE NAME OF HIS EMPLOYER! I WAS BORED STIFF! A LITTLE LATER ON I WASN'T BORED AT ALL, BUT I'VE GOT TO ADMIT I WAS AS CLOSE TO BEING A STAR AS I HAD EVER BEEN! I CALL THAT ONE "THE CASE OF THE BUFFALO NICKELS" BECAUSE A RITZFUL OF THEM PAID OFF AND IT ALL BEGAN ON THE AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 11, LAST YEAR...

WENDY I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A BIG JOB COMING! I CAN ALREADY HEAR IT KNOCKING ON THE DOOR! CAN YOU FEEL IT?

GO ON! WHY, THINGS ARE SO QUIET, I'VE CAUGHT UP ON ALL THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH ALL OF YOUR CLIENTS - ALL THREE OF THEM!

AND UNLESS ONE OF THE THREE RICKS IN WITH A CHECK, WE AGREE MEETING OUR BILLS OF THE FIRST OF THE MONTH!

ANSWER THE PHONE, PESHAWAR! IF IT'S A CLIENT (TA IN...)

YES SIR MR GARDNER IS AVAILABLE, BUT HE ISN'T CHEAP! HIS HIGH-PRICED THAT IS, I MEAN HIS FEES ARE REASONABLE, BUT...

AM MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! LET ME TAKE IT WENDY!

ASKING FOR CHEEP GARDNER - HIMSELF - CHEEP GARDNER!

LISTEN BOB IF YOU WANT CHEEP INVESTIGATION WORK TRY SOME OTHER OFFICE - NOT CHEP GARDNER!

THERE'S ONE SPINSTER GALLIAPUS, REPORTER! I AM IN MY OFFICE IN THE DOWNTOWN TRADE BUILDING! I MUST HAVE A QUESSA SEARCH RIGHT AWAY! YOU SEE ME IN A HURRY EH?

I'M STARTING FOR YOUR OFFICE RIGHT NOW, MR GALLIAPUS!

BUT THAT'S THE MR GARDNER I DO WANT. CHEEP GARDNER - MUSTER CHEEP GARDNER! YOU TELL ME THE PRICE!

BUT THAT'S THE MR GARDNER I DO WANT. CHEEP GARDNER - MUSTER CHEEP GARDNER! YOU TELL ME THE PRICE!

GOT IT ALL - AND IT SMELLS LIKE MONEY TO ME! YOU AND YOUR HUNCHES! HAHAHAH!

I WAS IN MR GALLIAPUS' OFFICE IN THIRTY MINUTES! HE WAS BIG PASHAWE BREWSTER FROM WORK...

YOU SEE MEETER CHEEP I HELPED MY COUNTRY AFTER THE WAR! I SEND MONEY! MY SHEEP CARRY TRACTORS AND GUNS ALL FOR DEFENSE AND UNITED NATIONS! BUT THEN COMES TROUBLE! MY COUNTRY GETS FIGHTING WITH WHAT YOU CALL IT - GRILLAS!

GRILLAS THEY CALL THEM, MR GALLIAPUS! BUT WHAT HAPPENED YOUR SON GET SWAGGED OVER THERE?

NO NO! IT IS NOT SO BAD AS THAT EXCEPT MAYBE WORSE! MY SON HE EES IN BUFFALO! IN MY COUNTRY EEP THEY CATCH HIM THEY ASA RANBOW! BUT IN BUFFALO WHO KNOW WHAT CAN HAPPEN! HIS LIFE MAYBE EES NOT WORTH A BUFFALO NICKEL!

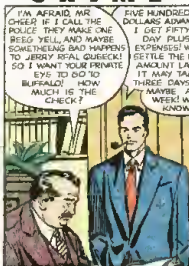
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HMM... LAST LETTER DATED TEN DAYS AGO! ASKS FOR MONEY! ALL LATER MAIL RETURNED! NO DELIVERY OF TELEGRAM! WHO IS JERRY GALLIAPUS?

MY SON! HE LOOK SHORTER NAME! OULD YOU SEE LETTER SAYING HE BEEN UP HERE! NO! IF HE NEEDS MONEY WHO OULD HE DO THAT?

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I'M AFRAID, MR. CHEER, IF I CALL THE POLICE THEY MAKE ONE REEG' YELL, AND MAYBE SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS TO JERRY RIFAL GUECK! SO I WANT YOUR PRIVATE EYES TO GO TO BUFFALO! HOW MUCH IS THE CHECK?

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS ADVANCE! I GET FIFTY A DAY PLUS EXPENSES! WE'LL SETTLE THE FINAL AMOUNT LATER! IT MAY TAKE THREE DAYS—MAYBE A WEEK! WHO KNOWS?



LATER, BACK AT MY OFFICE... DEPOSIT THIS HALF GRAND AND GET ME TWO HUNDRED IN CASH! I'VE GOT TO HEAD FOR BUFFALO AND FIND MR. G'S LITTLE BOY, JERRY!

IT'S AFTER FIVE! YOU' GET HOME AND PACK! I'LL GET YOU YOUR MONEY SOMEWHERE, AND RESERVATIONS ON THE MIDNIGHT! MEET YOU IN GRAND CENTRAL WITH YOUR REPORTS TYPED!

LATE, AS USUAL! YOUR TICKETS ARE IN THE SMALL ENVELOPE, AND ALL IMPORTANT DATA IN THE BIG ONE—AND THERE'S A HINT—JERRY LIKES THE HORSES! MAYBE THAT'S WHY THE NAME GALLUP!

THANKS, KID! MISSED THAT! HMMM...



I PICKED UP A COUPLE OF BUFFALO PAPERS TO SEE WHAT GOES ON LOCALLY! I'LL CHECK THE RACE TRACKS WHILE I'M ABOUT IT!

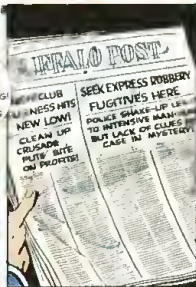
STICK TO YESTER-DAY'S RESULTS, CHIMP! DON'T LOOK AT TOMORROW'S ENTRIES, OR YOUR WEAKNESS WILL BE SHOWING! WELL, TOODLE-DO!



WENDY'S TALK ABOUT HORSES GOT ME TO THINKING, I WENT THROUGH THE PAPERS IN THE SMOKE CAR, COVERING THE SPORTS PAGES FIRST, AND THEN THE NEWS, BUT I LISTENED WHILE I READ...

I'LL BE STUCK IN BUFFALO TWO WHOLE DAYS! SOUNDS DULL!

YEAH—THINGS ARE SLOW UP THERE! THEY'VE BEEN CRACKING DOWN ON GAMBLING! AND I HEAR EVEN THE FLOOR SHOWS QUIT EARLY!



**BUFFALO POST**

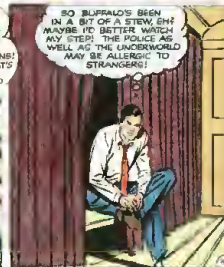
**CLUB NESS HITS NEW LOW! CLEAN UP CRUSADE PUTS BITE ON PROTECTOR!**

**SEEK EXPRESS ROBBERY FUGITIVES HERE POLICE SHAKE-UP LEAD TO INTENSIVE MAN-TO-MAN CASE IN MYSTERY!**



WELL, THE TOWN OUGHT TO BE SAFE FOR A WHILE! THE STRONG-ARM BOYS ARE PROBABLY SCRAMBLING OUT ON EVERY TRAIN!

YOU SAID IT! YOU KNOW THAT DUNKIRK EXPRESS ROBBERY HAD THE EAR-MARKS OF SOME OF THE BOYS TRYING TO CRASH INTO BIG-TIME OPERATIONS! BUT NOW THE HEAT'S ON, AND EVERY-THING'S QUIETED DOWN!



SO BUFFALO'S BEEN IN A BIT OF A STEW, EH? MAYBE I'D BETTER WATCH MY STEP! THE POLICE AS WELL AS THE UNDERWORLD MAY BE ALLERGIC TO STRANGERS!

OF COURSE I HADN'T LOST SIGHT OF THE POSSIBILITY THAT THERE MIGHT BE A FOREIGN ANGLE IN YOUNG GALLUP'S DISAPPEARANCE, BUT IT SEEMED PRETTY REMOTE! IT STILL LOOKED LIKE A ROUTINE "MISSING PERSONS" JOB! AND IF THERE HAD BEEN ANY SKUL-DUGGERY, THE CHANCES WERE THAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN OF A STRICTLY LOCAL NATURE! IN THE MORNING, I CHECKED IN AT THE BUXBY HOTEL, HAD BREAKFAST AND GOT GOING! THERE WAS A GUSTY RAIN FALLING...

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



I'M A FRIEND OF JERRY GALLUP AND THIS WAS HIS LAST ADDRESS

WELL, IF YOU'RE A FRIEND OF HIS TELL HIM HE'D BETTER GET BACK AND PAY HIS OVERDUE RENT!



I KNOW JERRY GALLUP WORKED HERE! I WANT TO KNOW WHEN HE QUIT—AND WHY!

HE LEFT LAST WEEK! SAID HE COULDN'T MAKE ENOUGH MONEY SELLING OUR STUFF! HE WAS OVER HIS DRAWING ACCOUNT ANYWAY, SO I WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM GO! HE HAD BORROWED MONEY FROM EVERYBODY—EVEN LEFT A TAB UNPAID DOWN AT JOE'S LUNCHEON!



IT WASN'T DAMES OR HORSES THAT KEPT JERRY BROKE! YOU BEING A PAL OF HIS, I'LL TELL YOU CONFIDENTIAL! HE GOT IN TOO MANY GAMES IN ZUBER'S BACK ROOM ACROSS THE STREET! DROP IN AN' TELL 'EM YOU KNOW JERRY! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEANT!

THANKS, JOE! WHEN I FIND JERRY, I'LL REMIND HIM TO PAY YOU UP!

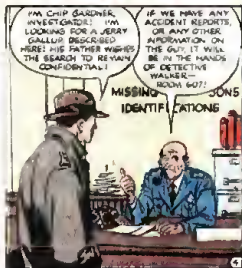


JERRY GALLUP SAID TO MENTION HIS NAME! IS IT OKAY TO JOIN THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM?

OKAY BY ME—ONLY YOU WON'T FIND NO POKER GAME NOW! THE GUYS ARE TOO SCARED OF THE COPS BREAKING IN! WANT TO PLAY THE SLOT MACHINES?



IT WAS EASY TO SET UP ZUBER'S JOINT... A CARD PARLOR WHERE SUCKERS LIKE JERRY WERE RELIEVED OF THEIR CASH! THERE WAS NO TELLING WHO HAD CROSSED JERRY UP! MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN AN ENEMY OF HIS FATHER! I LEARNED NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! BUT I WON A LOT OF NICKELS FROM THE ONE-ARMED BANDIT, AND I WALKED OUT WITH THEM IN MY PISTOL! THEN I HAILED A CAB AND RODED FOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



I'M CHIP GARDNER, INVESTIGATOR! I'M LOOKING FOR A JERRY GALLUP DESCRIBED HERE! HIS FATHER WISHES THE SEARCH TO REMAIN CONFIDENTIAL!

IF WE HAVE ANY ACCIDENT REPORTS, OR ANY OTHER INFORMATION ON THE GUY, IT WILL BE IN THE HANDS OF DETECTIVE WALKER—ROOM 607!

MISSING IDENTIFICATIONS



...SO I'D LIKE TO MAKE SURE! A REPORT OF AN ACCIDENT, OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT HELP!

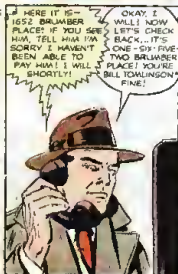
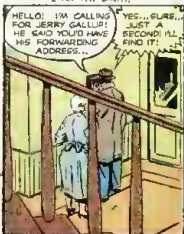
WE'LL HANDLE IT THROUGH ROUTINE CHANNELS! WE DON'T GIVE SPECIAL SERVICE TO PRIVATE EYES! YOU GET PAID TO TRACK DOWN YOUR OWN LEADS!

I REMINDED THE POLICE DEK THAT IF ANYONE DEVELOPED HE'D GOT THE CREDIT! HE WOULD BE IN BIG TROUBLE LONG AFTER I LEFT! I WAS PRETTY SORE, SO I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE SURVEY I'D ALREADY MADE! SURE, I WANTED INFORMATION FROM THE POLICE, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO RUB IT IN! AFTER THAT I FIGURED HE'D TRY TO SHOW ME UP, WHICH IS ONE WAY OF GETTING HELP, BUT IT ALSO GAVE ME ANOTHER IDEA! I WENT BACK TO ZUBER'S LANDLADY! SHE MIGHT KNOW MORE THAN SHE TOLD, AND IF SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A POLICE CASE...

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I'D USED UP ALMOST \$1.00 IN NICKELS AND WAS GETTING WRITER'S CRAMP FROM CROSSING OFF NUMBERS WHEN I HIT PAY DIRT...



IT WASN'T MUCH DARKER THAN IT HAD BEEN ALL DAY, BUT THE STREET LIGHTS WERE COMING ON, SO I KNEW IT WAS LATE! I GRABBED A BITE TO EAT AND KEPT GOING! THE RAIN HAD EASED OFF WHEN I REACHED THE BRUMBER PLACE ADDRESS...

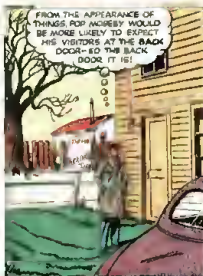


TO SEEM TOO ANXIOUS, SO I BOUGHT A PAPER! IT WAS AN EARLY EDITION FOLDED TO THE EXPRESS ROBBERY STORY! I LOOKED AT IT BRIEFLY, GLANCED UP AT THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET, THEN BACK TO THE PAPER...





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I KNEW POP MOSEBY WAS PULLING SOME-THING! HE'D ASKED ME WHY I KNOCKED SO LONG, THEN CLAIMED HE HADN'T HEARD ME! AND HE'D CAUGHT JERRY'S NAME QUICK ENOUGH... HE MUST HAVE KNOWN ABOUT TOMLINSON! MAYBE HE KNEW TOM LINSON WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO HAD THIS ADDRESS! ANYWAY, I DIDN'T TRUST HIM, AND AS I MOVED INTO THE ROOM WHICH WAS ILLUMINATED ONLY BY THE ALTERNATELY FLASHING GREEN AND YELLOW LIGHTS FROM THE SIGN ON THE MOVIE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET, MY GUN WAS OUT, MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER...



SHH... MUST HAVE BEEN A STRANGER: THERE'S POP!

I'LL MOVE IN, LINDA, BUT YOU BE READY! WE MAY WANT TO TALK TO THE GUY!

WHAT DID Y' SAY YER NAME WAS, FELLER?



I DIDN'T SAY! BUT I HAPPEN TO KNOW BILL OWES JERRY FIFTY BUCKS! I AIM TO SEE JERRY GETS IT AND MORE.

FRIEND OF JERRY? THEN WE GOT SOME-THING FOR YOU, BUD!



DROP THE ROD, MISTER! CARRYIN' GUNS INTO PEOPLE'S HOMES AIN'T POLITE!



I WAS CAUGHT OFF GUARD, BUT I KNEW THESE CHARACTERS DON'T WANT NOISE, SO THE MUG WOULD BE SLOW TO BLAST AWAY! I DID A QUICK SPIN...



YOU DO THE GUN-DROPPING, PUNK! STAND STILL, POP! DON'T MOVE!



AND THEN MY LIGHTS WENT OUT...



NICE WORK, LINDA—NEAT AND SAFE! HE SPUN THE WRONG WAY THAT TIME!

LISTEN, POP, YOU BETTER GET GOING, AND KEEP GOING! THE FARTHER THE BETTER! THINGS ARE GETTING HOT! MORRY SAID TO GIVE YOU THIS MONEY—AND REMEMBER, YOU DON'T KNOW A THING!

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I KEPT HEARING VOICES...DAMN AND FAR AWAY! GRADUALLY THEY CAME NEARER! MY HEAD WAS CLEARING

GET THAT CLOTHES-LINE FROM THE KITCHEN AND A TOWEL! WE'LL SPICE THIS PUNK, BUT GOOD!

YEAH, THAT'S SMARTER THAN SNOODIN' HIM OFF! ITS GOOD BREEN'S NOT HERE!

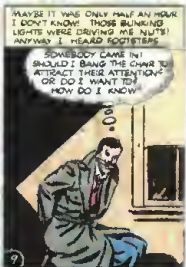
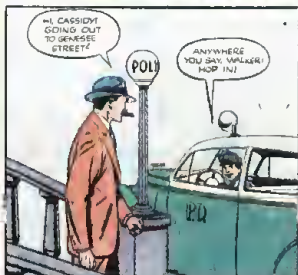




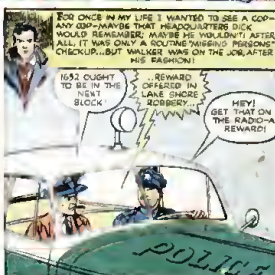
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I HEARD THEIR DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS, THEN, THE DOOR BANGED SHUT! I WAS ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS AND THOSE BLINKING LIGHTS... YELLOW, GREEN, YELLOW... I'D COME TO FIND JERRY GALLUP AND HAD WALKED INTO THE HIDEAWAY OF THE GANG THAT HI-JACKED THE EXPRESS COMPANY! I HAD LOTS OF LUCK, ALL RIGHT—ALL BAD! I KNEW PLenty THAT I WASN'T AND TO KNOW EVEN THE NAME OF THE OTHER BANDIT, GREEN! BUT MY TRAIL TO JERRY GALLUP WAS SUGGESTED IF SQUADS GALLUPPOUS COULD SEE ME NOW! THE LIGHTS WERE GETTING ON MY NERVES... YELLOW... GREEN... YELLOW...

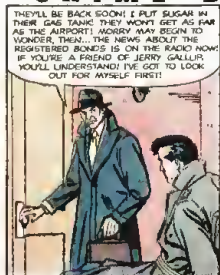


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BREEN DIDN'T FOOL ME! HE WANTED TO GET GOING AND THEN HAVE ME LOOSE TO TANGLE WITH HIS PALS IF THEY CAME BACK! ALL THREE WERE DOUBLE-CROSSERS! BUT MORRY AND LINDA WERE THE SHOOTING KIND! I'D BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE AND PUT THEM OUT OF CIRCULATION, BREEN OR NO BREEN... BUT FIRST I HAD TO GET FREE, AND IT WASN'T TOO EASY! HE'D CUT ONLY THE INSIDE CORD, AND I HAD TO TWIST AND PULL THEN RELAX AND START ALL OVER AGAIN...



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WELL, THERE I WAS, BACK IN THE SAME TOUGH SPOT, THINKING HOW NICE POLICE INTERVENTION MIGHT BE AT THAT MOMENT! BUT, AS DETECTIVE WALKER'S LATER REPORT SHOWED, HE WAS DETOURING AGAIN...

CALLING CAR 86... CALLING CAR 86... I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IN TONY'S BAR AND GRILL! 3-4-5 URBAN STREET!

NO—I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!



I WAS NOT AFTER HIS DOUGH!

NO? I SAW YOU DUMP POWDER IN HIS DRINK AFTER YOU SAW THAT BANK-ROLL!

LET ME SEE THE OLD GUY! IS HE OUT?

NAW—HE'S JUST BABBLIN' LIKE HE WAS DRUNK ON TWO BEERS!



MEANWHILE...

BREEN'S BAG IS GONE! HE'S BEEN HERE AND SKIPPED! AND HE MUST'VE LIFTED THE DICK'S PAPERS OFF GALLU! THINGS ARE GETTIN' MESSED UP! I DON'T LIKE IT!



IF THERE'S ANY LIFE LEFT IN THIS PUNK, HE'S GONNA TELL US WHEN BREEN WAS HERE!



I JUST LAY BACK AND TOOK IT! ANY OTHER PLAY WOULD HAVE BEEN SUICIDE...

IF HE AIN'T OUT, HE'S FAKIN' IT NEAT! I OUGHTA PUT A SLUG IN HIM, ONLY...

ONLY WHAT? YOU YELLOW? GIVE ME THAT GUN! THERE'S NO POINT TO SAVING HIM! HE'S ONLY A LIABILITY!



YELLOW? I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER I'M YELLOW OR NOT! THIS DICK GOES FIRST, THEN BREEN—WHEN I CATCH UP WITH HIM!

SHHH... THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE HALL! MAYBE IT'S BREEN!

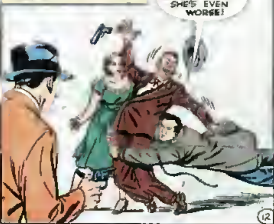


WHOEVER IT WAS, HE WAS MY FRIEND, FOR THE INTERUPTION STAYED MY EXECUTION! AS THE DOOR OPENED, MORRY SWUNG AROUND—AND I TIMED MY SPRING TO THAT MOTION...



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT? OH, A GUN OH? LET HIM HAVE IT, MORRY!

YES, IT WAS WALKER, THE GUY FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE GUY I'D BE HOPING TO SEE! HE'D FINALLY MADE IT!



I'VE GOT HIM, WALKER! GRAB THE GIRL! SHE'S EVEN WORSE!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WALKER LEARNED I WAS RIGHT! LINDA BIT, CLAWED, SCRATCHED... SHE EVEN TRIED TO GET HIS GUN! BUT HE WAS TOO STRONG FOR HER! MEANWHILE, WITH GREAT PERSONAL SATISFACTION, I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO WORRY...



NOW IT'S MY TURN, CHUM! CAN YOU TAKE IT?

YOU REALLY BACKED THE GUY OUT, GARDNER! WHAT A SCRAP! I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR ANYTHING! BUT DO YOU KNOW I ALMOST PASSED UP GOING HERE? JUST HAPPENED TO FIND A GUY NAMED POP MOSELY IN A BARROOM BRAWL...

THAT OLD HE-GOAT! I GOT PLENTY TO THANK HIM FOR!

I'LL TELL YOU WHO TO PICK UP NEXT, WALKER.



CHAP NAMED BREEN IS HEAD MAN IN THIS SET UP—HAWKNOSED, BUT NOT THE GANGSTER TYPE! HE STOPPED THESE TWO FROM REACHING THE AIRPORT, SO I IMAGINE HE TOOK THE LAST PLANE! BETTER CHECK IT!

MY MUNCH PAID OFF... THEY GOT BREEN AS HE STEPPED OFF THE PLANE AT DETROIT! AND FOR ONCE THE POLICE HAD HELPED A PRIVATE EYE! IF WALKER HADN'T BARGED IN, I'D HAVE BEEN A DEAD DUCK! BUT I WAS GENUINELY SORRY ABOUT JERRY GALLUP! JUST ANOTHER KID WHOSE FIRST MISTEP WAS HIS LAST! I TALKED THE WHOLE THING OVER WITH WALKER! WE'RE GOOD FRIENDS NOW! THEN I HOPPED A TRAIN FOR NEW YORK...

I WIRED YOU TO MEET ME HERE, MR. GALLAPOLIS, BECAUSE I HAVE BAD NEWS! YOUR SON WAS DEEP IN DEBT! HE GOT IN WITH A LOT OF BAD PEOPLE! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD SEE TO PAY OFF!

I KNOW, CHEEP GARDNER, I KNOW! I TELEPHONED TO BUFFALO, AND DETECTIVE WALKER, HE TOLD ME! BUT I THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR WHAT YOU DO! EFF I OWE YOU ANY MORE...



YOU OWE ME NOTHING! JERRY WAS DEAD BEFORE I STARTED OUT! SO I HAVE ALREADY MAILED YOU A CHECK, DEDUCTING JUST THE COST OF MY TRIP AND TWO DAYS SERVICE! AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE POLICE WILL LET IT STAND THAT YOUR SON WAS SIMPLY MURDERED! HIS NAME WILL BE LEFT OUT OF THE...

IT WAS PLEASANT TO HEAR I'M A NICE MAN! HOPE THE LANDLORD THINKS SO, TOO!

WELL, ANYWAY, THE BUFFALO POLICE THINK YOU'RE A NICE MAN, CHUM! THEY SENT THIS CHECK FOR \$1,000 SPECIAL DELIVERY! IT'S YOUR SHARE OF THE EXPRESS REWARD! AND, YOU KNOW, MR. GARDNER, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE A NICE MAN, TOO!

I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THAT "NICE" MAN STUFF AND I DON'T LIKE IT TOO MUCH! NICE MEN ARE SORTS... THEY DON'T CATCH CROOKS! MAYBE I WAS SLIPPING!

BUT I HAD NO CHANCE OF GOING SOFT! ALMOST IMMEDIATELY I GOT WIRED UP! I A CASE THAT CALGHT ME IN AS NEAT A TRAP AS A CROOK EVER SET... WITH DEATH STALKING THROUGH THE CARS OF A TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS TRAIN! AND THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO GET OFF FOR ME! OR THE CROOKS!

NEXT MONTH I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME WHEN MURDER WAS ON THE LOOSE AND BREATHING DOWN MY NECK FOR THREE DAYS, IN 'THE CASE OF THE MOVIE STAR'S DOUBLE'!



THE END

In consideration of innocent persons involved and relatives of others, the names of characters depicted in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity to names of people living or dead is entirely coincidental. This in no way affects the accuracy of these stories which are based on fact!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 5, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (4 C.R.F. DOES NOT PAY), published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1950.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting (also the statements in the two paragraphs show the extent of the full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders in who do not appear upon the books of the company (1) trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bondholder or owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date of this statement is: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and bi-weekly newspapers only.)

HANNAH SCHREBERG, Business Mgr.

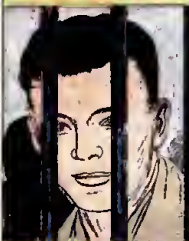
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ANNAHAN PRESS

(My commission expires March 30, 1951)

## ON THE LEVEL



DUE TO A TECHNICALITY IN THE LAW LAWRENCE MADRID WAS SENTENCED TO SERVE 2 MINUTES IN JAIL! THE COURT RECORD HAD TO SHOW THAT LAWRENCE WAS IN JAIL!

### DICK TRACY ARRESTED!

A MAN WHOSE REAL NAME WAS DICK TRACY WAS ARRESTED IN A WESTERN CITY FOR PASSING A BAD CHECK!

A WOMAN MOTORIST IN CALIFORNIA ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING EXPLAINED THAT SHE WAS WEARING A NEW PAIR OF PLATFORM SHOES AND COULDN'T TELL HOW FAR DOWN SHE WAS PRESSING ON THE ACCELERATOR!

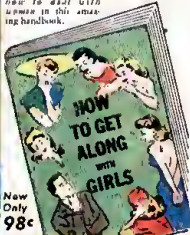
by  
C.H. MOORE

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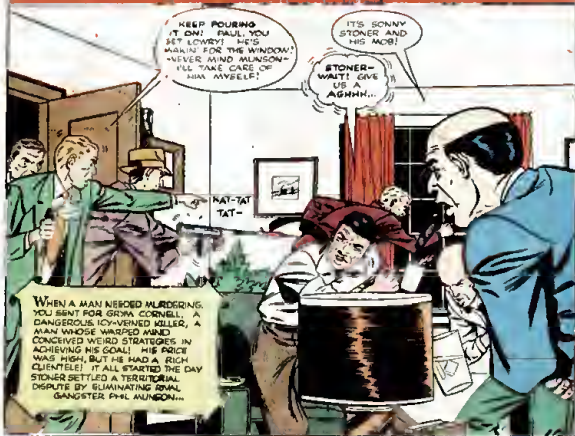
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# MURDER for Sale

WHEN A MAN BREAKS INTO JAIL  
THAT'S NEWS!

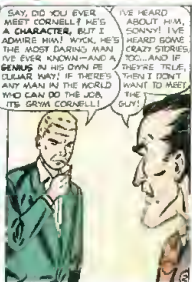
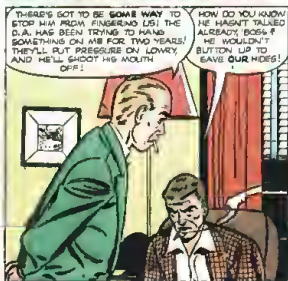




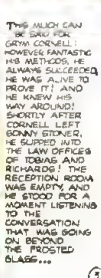
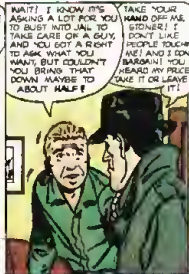
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BUT THEY DON'T FIND LOU LOWRY, NOR DO THEY KNOW WHAT HAD BECOME OF HIM, UNTIL SONNY STONER READ THE HEADLINES IN THE EVENING PAPER...



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"TONIGHT! I... I DON'T KEEP THAT KIND OF MONEY AROUND! I COULD SCAPE UP A COUPLE OF GRAND, BUT—LOOK GRAY, COULDN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL MORNING? I PROMISE YOU YOU'LL GET THE MONEY FIRST THING—CRODREN NATIONAL AT FIFTEENTH AND MAIN..."



YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THAT BEFORE, STONER! WE MADE A BARBAINI YOU BE AT THAT BANK AT NINE OR I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU!

...YOU HEAR ME, PAUL? WE GOT TO DIG UP 50,000 BUCKS BY NINE, TOMORROW! HUH? ...YEAH, I KNOW HOW TO GET IT—FROM A GUY THAT CARRIES A BAG FULL OF DOUGH EVERY NIGHT!



YOU MEAN HE CARRIES IT TO A BANK? THAT'S CRAZY, STONER! HE'D HAVE AN ARMED GUARD WITH HIM...

MAYBE IT'S NOT CRAZY TO GET A SLUG IN THE HEAD! I KNOW THIS GUY AND I KNOW HE CARRIES THAT MONEY ALONE! HE SAYS A COP WOULD ONLY ATTRACT ATTENTION! LISTEN, PAUL, YOU AND ARNIE MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF FIFTEENTH AND MAIN IN HALF AN HOUR!



AFTER AN HOUR'S WAIT AT THE APPOINTED SPOT

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, ARNIE? COME AROUND TO THIS SIDE! I WANT YOU TO DO THE DRIVING! WHERE'S PAUL? ...UH... PAUL SAID TO TELL YOU HE HAD TO VISIT A SICK RELATIVE A THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE! HE DIDN'T GIVE ME ALL THE DETAILS... WHO DO YOU KNOW WHO CARRIES FIFTY G'S AROUND AT THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT?



PAUL'S A RAT! IF I GET OUT OF THIS SCAPE, I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS HUNTING HIM DOWN! LOOK, ARNIE, THIS WON'T BE TOUGH! THE GUY'S CASHIER FOR CORTLEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE! HE DEPOSITS THE TAKE EVERY NIGHT—CARRIES THE BILLS IN A PAPER BAG! THE CHANGE THEY LEAVE IN THE STORE... DRIVE SLOWLY NOW!



YOU'VE BEEN ON THE SQUARE WITH ME, SONNY, AND I WOULDN'T CROSS YOU. BUT YOU CAN'T EXACTLY BLAME PAUL! IT WAS FACE CORNELL OR PULL A STICK-UP AND HE DIDN'T GO FOR EITHER! IF WE HAD ANY SENSE, WE'D DO THE GAME!

RUN AWAY—FROM GRAY CORNELL? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE, ARNIE! HE'D CHASE US ALL OVER THE WORLD—NOT FOR THE DOUGH, BUT JUST ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING! HE GETS AN IDEA IN HIS HEAD, AND THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT SONNY! IF THAT CASHIER DOESN'T HAVE A COP WITH HIM, WE'LL TRY GRABBING THE DOUGH! BUT IF WE CAN'T PULL THIS STICK-UP, THEN I'M NOT STICKING AROUND FOR NO SCREW-BALL TO PUT HOLES IN MY HEAD!

ARNIE! HERE HE COMES! WAIT TILL HE GETS TO THE NIGHT DEPOSITORY! HE'LL HAVE 'S BACK TO US! WE'LL KEEP HIM THAT WAY SO HE WON'T SEE WHO I AM!



I DON'T LIKE IT, STONER... IT SOUNDS TOO EASY!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WRONGS AGAIN, STONER. THAT CAPPER DIDN'T HAVE AN ARMED GUARD WITH HIM, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT AN EYE ON THE CAR HALF A BLOCK AWAY! NO GUY IN HIS EIGHT MIND CARRIES \$5,000 BUCKS BY HIMSELF!



LOOK, FRED, A STICK-UP!

I SEE IT! GO GET 'EM! DOLSE YOUR LIGHTS AND SHIFT INTO NEUTRAL! WE'LL COAST

STAY NICE AND QUIET IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET CROAKED BLOODY! JUST REMEMBER THIS ISN'T YOUR DOUGH

WHIA...OKAY--SO EASY! JUST HELP YOURSELF BUT DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER!

NOW COUNT UP TO FIVE HUNDRED AND DON'T MOVE FROM THAT SPOT TILL YOU DO WE'LL BE WATCHING!

STAY PUT, YOU CLOWNS! Toss THOSE BUCKS ON THE ROAD!

ALL RIGHT! ROSE--YOU CAN PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN NOW--WE'VE GOT 'EM

WELL, AREN'T YOU TWO THE BRIGHT BOYS? YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO TRY THIS AGAIN FOR TEN OR TWENTY YEARS!

L..LISTEN--I WAS DESPERATE! THERE WAS SOME BODY.

SHUT UP STONER! THEY AREN'T INTERESTED IN YOUR SAD STORY! YOU'VE LOUSED US UP ENOUGH ALREADY!

AT THE CITY JAIL, SONNY STONER REALIZED SOMETHING FOR THE FIRST TIME--SOMETHING HE MONUMENTARILY REGARDED AS BOTH COMFORTING AND AMUSING...

HA! HA! ARNS--HE WE CAN'T GET US NOW! WE'RE SAFE! HA! HA! HA! FOR

SHUT UP, STONER!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, STONER! YOU'LL LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR FACE WHEN THE D.A. THROWS THE BOOK AT YOU! HUH! WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH THE RACKETEERS BIG SHOT--NOT PAYING OFF? IMAGINE A PUNK LIKE YOU TRYING TO PULL A HEIST! TAKE 'EM UPSTAIRS, BOYS!

NOW WE ARE IN A SPOT! THIS WILL BE IN THE PAPERS TOMORROW! GORRELL WILL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR US!

SAY, YOU DON'T THINK HE WOULD...

PIPE DOWN, YOU TWO!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YES THE FANTASTIC HALF-MAD CORNELL WAS ON HAND THE NEXT MORNING... WITH ONE DEADLY PURPOSE IN MIND... TO MAKE SONY STONER PAY OFF... WITH HIS LIFE! BUT NOBODY KNEW HE WAS ON HAND—NOT EVEN THE DRIVER OF THE LAUNDRY TRUCK THAT DREW UP AT THE PRISON GATES AT 11:10...

CREDENTIALS! ALL THE TIME CREDENTIALS! YOU DON'T KNOW ME AFTER SIX MONTHS JUDSON!



FIRST A LAUNDRY

I'VE GOT MY ORDERS LYONS! I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU'RE STILL WORKING FOR THE LAUNDRY OR YOU GET IN! O.KAY NOW PULL UP AND LET ME HAVE A LOOK IN BACK!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, LYONS!



LOOKS ALL RIGHT IN... OHHH!!



O.KAY, LYONS! PULL IN TO THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE!



CREDENTIALS, RULES, INSPECTIONS! YOU'D THINK I WOULD THINK I WAS GOING TO OHHH!



I'M COMING STONER! I'M COMING TO KILL YOU!



EVERYONE PAYS GRAY CORNELL—ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, SO I'M COMING STONER!



UP UP THE PRECIPITOUS LAUNDRY CHUTE CORNELL CLUMBED, WITH THE DETERMINATION AND STRENGTH THAT IS FOUND ONLY IN THE MADMAN...

...COMING TO KILL YOU STONER... KILL... KILL...



UP UP AND THEN...

CLOSER, STONER! CAN'T YOU FEEL ME COMING CLOSER?



AFTER A SLEEPLESS, FEAR-RIDDEN NIGHT, SONY STONER WAS ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE! HIS KATALYSTIC TERROR OF GRAY CORNELL WAS APPROACHING HYSTERIA...

LOOK, YOU GOT TO PROTECT ME! IT'S MY RIGHT SEE! I'LL GET ME—I CAN FEEL IT! AND MY BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!

YOU'RE LOONEY, STONER! NOBODY'S HERE, AND NOBODY'S GOING TO GET IN! WHO'RE YOU AFRAID OF, ANYHOW!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HELL, GET IN! HE'S DONE IT BEFORE! HE'LL GET ME LIKE HE DID...

LISTEN, STONER! YOU KEEP THIS UP AND YOU'LL GET SCAPPED IN SOLITARY! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF HERE!



HE'S COMING FOR ME—THERE! CORNELL IS COMING! LET ME OUT! I'VE GOT TO RUN! GOT TO RUN!



HOLY SMOKE! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, HARRY!

THAT GUY MUST BE NUTS! A MURDER HERE YESTERDAY—AND TODAY THIS! HOW DO THEY GET IN? HOLD IT WHILE I CALL THE CAPTAIN!



GET BACK OR I'LL BLAST YOU! I WANT STONER!

GRYNN! Y, YOU GOT TO LISTEN! I GOT FINCHED—THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T SHOW UP THIS MORNING! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND, GRYNN? I'M TELLING THE TRUTH! KEEP HIM AWAY! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO!

DON'T TRY TO, MISTER! YOU'LL BURN!



YOU'RE A LIAR, STONER! I DID A JOB FOR YOU! I'M GOING TO COLLECT! YOU UHMM! YOU GOT YOURSELF PICKED UP TO... KEEP FROM PAYING ME... BUT YOU'RE GOING TO PAY! I GOT LOW... LOWRY FOR YOU UGHH!

KEEP SHOOTIN! KEEP SHOOTIN! YOU FOOL!



ASHHH! GOING TO KILL YOU STONER! MY PRICE! YOU WANTED LOWRY DEAD! I GOT HIM... NOW PAY!

NO, CORNELL—MURDER! IT WASN'T ME! IT WAS ARNIE DAY; HE WANTED LOWRY KILLED! I SWEAR, JARNE AND PAUL! PAUL WYCK GOT MURDERED! THEY...

YOU STONER—I SHUT LOWRY UP FOR YOU... THIS IS YOUR PAY DAY! DIE, STONER, DIE!

NO, NO—IT WAS—ASHHH!



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS! WE KEPT PUMPING LEAD INTO HIM, AND HE WOULDN'T GO DOWN! HE CERTAINLY WAS DETERMINED TO GET STONER!

YEAH! I BETTER GO GET THE DOG...



STONER IS DEAD! THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!



THAT DIRTY YELLOW SQUEALING RAT! I STUCK BY HIM AND THIS IS MY PAYOFF!

YEAH, DAY, HE SQUEALED AND WE HEARD! YOU'LL BE JOINING HIM BEFORE LONG!

THERE'LL BE A RESERVATION FOR YOU AND YOUR FIL PAUL WYCK WHEN WE LAY OUR HANDS ON HIM—A RESERVATION IN THE DEATH HOUSE!

THE END

# When Detective Dickenson Left On Vacation, He Didn't Expect to Find... **a CORPSE on the BEACH**



**C**HARLES GROVE, junior partner of a reputable firm of New York importers, had sailed from New York for South America. Within twelve hours a radio message was received from the liner, *Queen of Brazil*. Grove had disappeared from the ship. His hat, vest and shoes were found by the rail on the promenade deck. No messages were found in his stateroom, but there was no outcry on deck and he was considered a suicide.

Within another twelve hours Grove's body was washed ashore near a small fishing town on the Jersey coast. He had been strangled by a piece of heavy twine, garroted. A steward with whom he had had an altercation was arrested and held aboard the liner.

Grove's father hurried to the New Jersey fishing town and positively identified the body. The badly battered remains were immediately cremated.

That might have ended the case but for a young private detective named Dickenson, who, casing at the beach, who became curious. He borrowed a piece of the strangling twine from the police, and went hunting for more like it. It was an unusual type of cord, used by fishermen to mend their deep-sea nets. Only two customers for this type of cord were re-

puted within twenty miles of the spot where the body was washed ashore. Detective Dickenson learned this from the cordage manufacturers in Philadelphia. He also learned that such cord was never used aboard an ocean liner—and that mine was being shipped to South America. Then he went sailing!

At his second stop he found two fishermen in their shack, taking life easy. They were in a jovial mood, celebrating the fact that they no longer need fish for a living. In the glow of the wine they talked freely. They were ready to sell out their holdings, shack, nets, equipment, rawls, everything. So Dickenson talked about buying. He talked price. He haggled over the supplies, and learned that from a new length of cord, like that used in the killing, there was missing just the amount that had been wound tightly around Grove's neck!

Dickenson shook hands with the fishermen, and left ostensibly to get the cash to pay down the business. It didn't take long. He returned within half an hour.

But as he entered the shack, the detective asked, "Why did you men kill Mr. Grove?"

The question sobered the two fishermen. They arose together and lunged toward the detective. But two other figures appeared sud-



denly in the door. He had brought the State Police back with him. Finding themselves prisoners broke the nerve of the two men. The story they told was strange, but there was no reason to doubt it. It went back to the night the *Queen of Brazil* sailed from New York.

It had been nearing midnight. There was no moon. A fishing yawl scudded before the wind toward its home port. There had been a long, hard day at the lobster traps, and the men were tired. The last two hours before darkness fell had been spent in checking the heavy deep-water nets and hauling in the catch. Now the two-man crew was lazing astern, letting the wind do the work.

Suddenly a strong searchlight beam swept the length of the yawl, hesitated, then swung back. It focused amidships, and the two men sat up, blinking in the light as a fast yacht bore down on them.

"Has the look of a smuggler's craft," Oleson remarked.

"Ay don't like it," Jankholt, his companion, answered.

They peered closely as the yacht drew near, its bright beam focused on them. The sea was choppy and the yawl was not making fast time.

"Ahoy! You on the yawl! We're coming alongside!"

Oleson shrugged and rose. He dropped bumper-tires overside as the yacht moved in. It seemed only a matter of seconds when there was a line aboard. Then two. The boats rolled in the trough of the sea.

"Want to put a man aboard you. He's hurt bad," the skipper of the other craft said shortly. "We'll pay you a hundred dollars cash to take him ashore and get him to a hospital. He was in a fight. We can't afford to be involved."

There was no chance to argue. Men brought the stretcher aboard and set it down in the well of the afterdeck. Jankholt gazed down blankly at the fistful of ten dollar bills in his hand as the yacht cast off. Its motors coughed, roared, and the craft sped away as swiftly as it had come.

"Let's hoist more sail and move," Jankholt said, slowly. "We can't just sit here. How's the sailor?"

"He's hurt bad all right," Oleson said. "He's unconscious."

The two fishermen proceeded stolidly to carry out the contract they had not asked for. They were not pleased, even though the money was welcome.

But the sea was full of surprises that night. Twenty minutes later the two heard faint cries for help, and nosed the yawl to starboard. The cries grew closer, and within three minutes they hauled an exhausted man from the water. The man's name was Grove.

Grove rested on the afterdeck, sipped a cup of black coffee, and stared at the injured sailor. By the time he had recovered his breath and a little strength, there was a convulsive movement on the stretcher. He and Jankholt leaned forward almost together. The fisherman took the man's pulse. It stopped. He shook his head.

"He's dead! What do we do now?"

Charlie Grove's eyes narrowed. He sized up the two fishermen, and felt they'd do almost anything to keep free of the police.

"You guys," he said, sharply. "are in a jam!"

Oleson shook his head. "But we did nothing!"

Yet both men were worried. There'd be questions. Many questions.

"I can get you out of it, easy," Grove said, "if you'll do as I say. And you can make some money, too. Lots of money! How about it?"

The two fishermen looked at each other without speaking.

"What shall we do?" Jankholt asked quietly, after a time.

"Listen closely. My father and I are importers. We've had losses. I went overboard from the liner *Queen of Brazil*, tonight, intending to swim ashore. I was going to disappear, but this is better. This man is about my size. He's dead. Put my clothes on him. Tie a strangling cord around his neck. Let him wash ashore. My father can come and identify the body. I'll hide until we get the insurance money. You'll be out of your jam and I'll give each of you \$5,000.00."

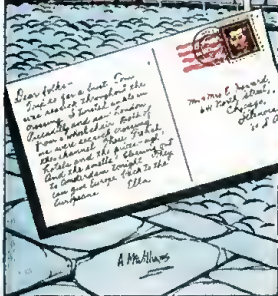
Jankholt finished his narrative and looked up. There was terror in his eyes. He was in a jam again!

Well, that was the end of the story uncovered by Detective Dickenson while on vacation, but, even though the identity of the dead man never was revealed, it wasn't the end of the case. The Groves, father and son, were arrested, tried, found guilty of fraud and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary. Jankholt and Oleson were relatively lucky; their settlements were for one year each. And such were the results of the analysis of a simple piece of twine!

THE END

**A  
COMEDY  
OF  
TERRORS**

# HAVING A WONDERFUL CRIME



IS ONLY THE BACKFIRING  
WOULD STOP. FD BE ABLE TO  
CONCENTRATE! HMM...  
IT SHOULD BE HERE  
SOMEWHERE. FILL!

# Le Petit Cheval

Dear folks -  
 I hope you a lot. Some  
 are needed throughout the  
 country. I invited a lot in  
 quantity and am London  
 from a whole chair. Some of  
 the channel. These Tish,  
 Katala and the little up,  
 and the small, blowing  
 to Amsterdam tonight. They  
 can get large back to the  
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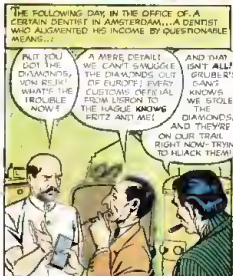
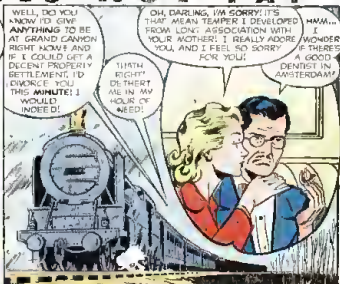


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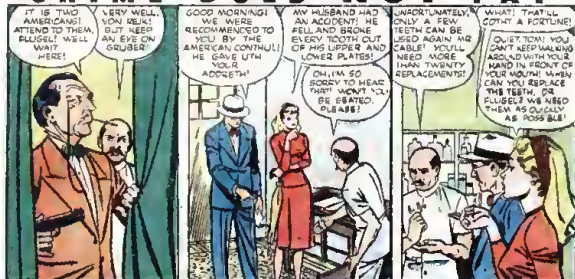




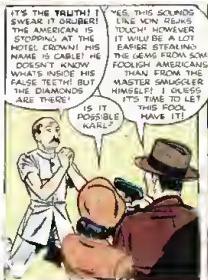
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU'RE NOT PULLING ANY ROUGH STUFF AROUND HERE—NOT WHEN I USED TO THROW THE BEST FLYING BLOCK AT HARVARD!

UGHM...



GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S JON! HE'S FALLEN FROM THE BALCONY!

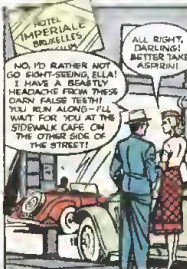
SOMETHING WENT WRONG! WE'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE THE POLICE COME! WE'LL GET TO THE AMERICAN ANOTHER TIME!



WHILE ON THE BALCONY ABOVE...

THIS IS TERRIBLE TOM! I COULDN'T BEAR TO REMAIN HERE ANOTHER DAY—NOT AFTER THIS!

OF COURSE MONEY! AS SOON AS WE CLEAR UP THE DETAILS WITH THE POLICE, WE'LL GO TO BRUSSELS! BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE IDIOT WANTED!



NO, I'D RATHER NOT GO FIGHT-SEEING, ELLA! I HAVE A BEASTLY HEADACHE FROM THESE DAMN FALSE TEETH! YOU RUN ALONG—I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE SIDEWALK CAFE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET!

ALL RIGHT, DARLING! BETTER TAKE ASPIRIN!

YOU HEAR HER! THE FOOL NEEDS ASPIRIN! WAIT HERE, GRUBBER! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A SHAPELY FIGURE AND A FEW KNOCKOUT DROPS CAN DO!

AS SOON AS HE SWALLOWS THIS TABLET I'LL KILL A CAB! THEN AS WE RIDE, AND HE SLEEPS, I'LL STEAL HIS TEETH...

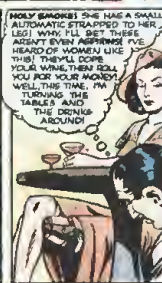
MONSIEUR I COULD NOT HELP BUT OVERHEAR YOUR NEED FOR AN ASPIRIN TABLET! MAY I OFFER AUNE TO THE CH-CH-HANDSOME AMERICAN TOURIST?

WELL, ER...I, OH, SURE, WON'T YOU JOIN ME!



ASPIRIN HAS ITS GREATEST EFFECT WHEN DISSOLVED IN A GLASS OF WINE! SO I'LL POUR A GLASS FOR EACH OF US, NEXT PASS!

OKAY! UH-UH! SPILLED 'EM! WHAT A CLUMSY FOOL I AM!



HOLY SMOKE! SHE HAS A SMALL AUTOMATIC STRAPPED TO HER LEG! WHY, I'LL BET THESE AREN'T EVEN ASPIRINS! I'VE HEARD OF WOMEN LIKE THIS! THEY'LL DOPE YOUR WINE, THEN SELL YOU FOR YOUR MONEY! WELL, THIS TIME, I'M TURNING THE TABLES AND THE DRINKS AROUND!

MY GOODNESS, TOM, DID SOMETHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS AWAY!

SEEMS A GIRL HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DRINK, AND THE GENDARMES FOUND OUT SHE HAD A POLICE RECORD! COME, SWEET! WE'VE TO CATCH OUR TRAIN TO GENEVA!

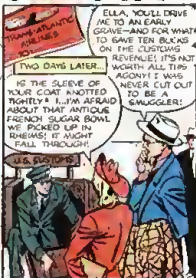


PATIENCE GRUBBER! OUR TURN WILL COME! WE'LL GET HIM IN SWITZERLAND!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# This'll KILL YA!

QUIT CLOWNIN' SPIKE, AN' HAND ME THE FLASHLIGHT!



OH MY GOODNESS! HUNTLEY WILL DO ANYTHING TO IMPRESS THE BOSS!

WELL, HERE'S THE SOUP! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S GONNA BLOW OPEN THE SAFE!



WELL, HE SAYS, CELERY IS GREEN, BUT WHY NOT GROW SOMETHING PRACTICAL?



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# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



## WHO DUNNIT? WHO KILLED HOMER TRENT?

THE ACCUSED, STANDING BEFORE THE BAR OF THE COURT, DENIED HIS GUILT! HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? CAN YOU NAME THE MURDERER? THE KEY LIES IN THE TESTIMONY OF THE WITNESSES!

HERE IS A STRANGE CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WHERE A MAN'S LIFE HINGED ON THE OUTCOME! CERTAIN FACTS, THOUGH MERELY INFERRED, COULD NOT BE DENIED! ON THE OTHER HAND, FALSE OR INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE MIGHT RESULT IN A GRAVE MISCARriage OF JUSTICE! CAN YOU FIND THE FLAW IN THE TESTIMONY WHICH PROVED THE GUILT OF THE PARTY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF OLD HOMER TRENT?

JUDGE RANDOLPH



HAROLD CAREY, THE ACCUSED

JAMES ALDEN, AMICUS CURIAE

FRED GILMAN, GAMBLER

ELSA TRENT, HAROLD'S GIRL

INSPECTOR LANGOON

LILA TRENT, ELSA'S OLDER SISTER



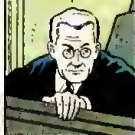
HOMER TRENT, THE VICTIM

IN THE COURTROOM OF JUDGE RANDOLPH, A SINGULAR TRIAL WAS DRAWING TO A CLOSE...

MEMBERS OF THE JURY YOU HAVE HEARD THE EVIDENCE! THE ACCUSED, THOUGH CHARGED WITH THE GRAVE CRIME OF MURDER, HAS OFFERED NO DEFENSE EXCEPT TO STATE REPEATEDLY THAT HE DID NOT DO IT! ONLY HE HIMSELF, IT APPEARS, KNOWS WHETHER THIS IS TRUE OR FALSE!



BECAUSE THE EVIDENCE IN THIS CASE IS PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL, I FEEL THAT IT SHOULD BE RE-EXAMINED AND TESTED BEFORE I CHARGE THE JURY! TO DO THIS IS BEYOND MY PROVINCE AS PRESIDING JUDGE! THEREFORE, I HAVE CALLED UPON A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE BAR, JAMES ALDEN, TO ACT AS 'AMICUS CURIAE' OR FRIEND OF THE COURT, IN A FURTHER EFFORT TO ARRIVE AT THE TRUTH!

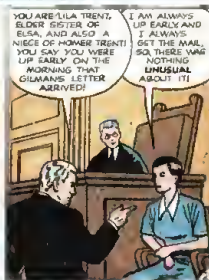
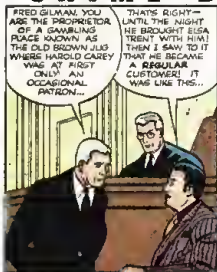


BY MUTUAL CONSENT OF THE PROSECUTOR AND OF THE DEFENSE COUNSEL, I AM GIVING YOU FULL AUTHORITY TO RECALL ANY WITNESSES TO THE STAND! YOU MAY PROCEED, MR. ALDEN!

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR! THIS WILL ENABLE ME TO RECONSTRUCT EVENTS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR OCCURRENCE! I SHALL BEGIN WITH THE MATTER OF THE LETTER...

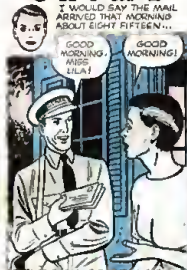


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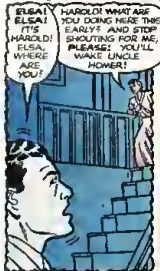




# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



ELSA!  
ELSA!  
IT'S  
HAROLD!  
ELSA,  
WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?

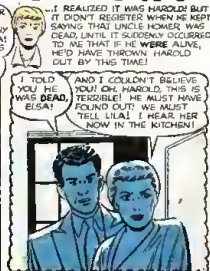
HAROLD! WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE THIS  
EARLY? AND STOP  
SHOUTING FOR ME,  
PLEASE! YOU'LL  
WAKE UNCLE  
HOMER!



I DON'T KNOW  
HOW LONG I'D  
STARED AT THE  
BODY, OR HOW  
I GOT OUT INTO  
THE HALL, OR  
HOW LONG I  
CALLED FOR  
ELSA!

IT WAS  
SEVERAL  
MINUTES AT  
LEAST! I  
BEGAN  
DREAMING  
THAT SOME-  
BODY WAS  
CALLING  
FOR ME, AND  
THEN...

WE'LL HEAR  
YOUR  
TESTIMONY  
NOW, ELSA!  
IT FORMS  
THE  
NEXT  
LINK!



I TOLD  
YOU HE  
WAS DEAD,  
ELSA!

AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE  
YOU! OH, HAROLD, THIS IS  
TERRIBLE! HE MUST HAVE  
FOUND OUT: WE MUST  
TELL LILA! I HEAR HER  
NOW IN THE KITCHEN!



WHY ARE YOU SO AFFECTIONATE ALL  
OF A SUDDEN? CAN'T YOU SAVE IT  
UNTIL I'VE FINISHED MAKING  
COFFEE FOR UNCLE HOMER? WHAT  
DID HE DO-BUST UP YOUR  
BUDDING ROMANCE?

LILA-IF YOU  
WHAT YOU KNEW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING, LILA!  
UNCLE HOMER  
IS DEAD!



YOU SAY YOU FOUND  
THE BODY, HAROLD!  
D...DID YOU TOUCH  
ANYTHING?

I DON'T  
KNOW! I  
DON'T  
THINK SO!

WHY, WHY HERE'S  
FRED GILMAN!  
WHAT'S HE  
DOING HERE?



SO YOU ARE THE NOTORIOUS FRED GILMAN,  
THE MAN MY UNCLE DENOUNCED SO  
OFTEN! NOW THIS BEGINS TO SHAPE  
UP! YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR UNCLE'S  
DEATH! WHY THE THINGS YOU WROTE IN  
THAT LETTER WERE JUST LIKE PULLING  
THE TRIGGER ON THE GUN!

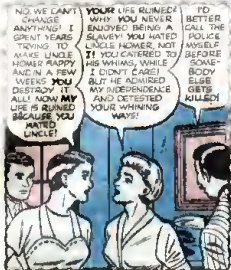
I'LL ADMIT I  
CAME OVER TO  
PUT THE SQUEEZE  
ON THE OLD MAN!  
BUT IN THAT LETTER  
I ONLY SAID THAT  
HIS NIECE, ELSA, OWED  
ME MONEY!



YES, AND YOU SPECIFIED THAT IT WAS  
LOST GAMBLING AT YOUR PLACE AND  
YOU NAMED THE AMOUNT, AND  
BETWEEN EVERY LINE YOUR  
POISON PEN INSINUATED THAT  
YOU INTENDED TO MAKE THE  
SCANDAL PUBLIC!

LILA! LILA!  
IT'S TOO  
LATE FOR  
ALL THIS  
NOW! UNCLE  
HOMER IS  
DEAD! WE  
CAN'T  
CHANGE  
IT!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY







	
LISA SIMPSON	LISA SIMPSON
	
MARGE SIMPSON	MARGE SIMPSON

[illegible]

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D KILLED ME?  
 RESPECT? DON'T YOU CARE? YOU  
 THOUGHT MOSCOW WOULD DOUBT THAT  
 HOMER TIGHT SEEDS THE LETTER THEN  
 GAVE THEM HIS GUN AND SHOT HIMSELF—  
 BOTHER THAN FACE THE GUNS OF HIS  
 FATHER? I'M HERE! IT  
 WASN'T WHAT I  
 DIDN'T WANT!

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**